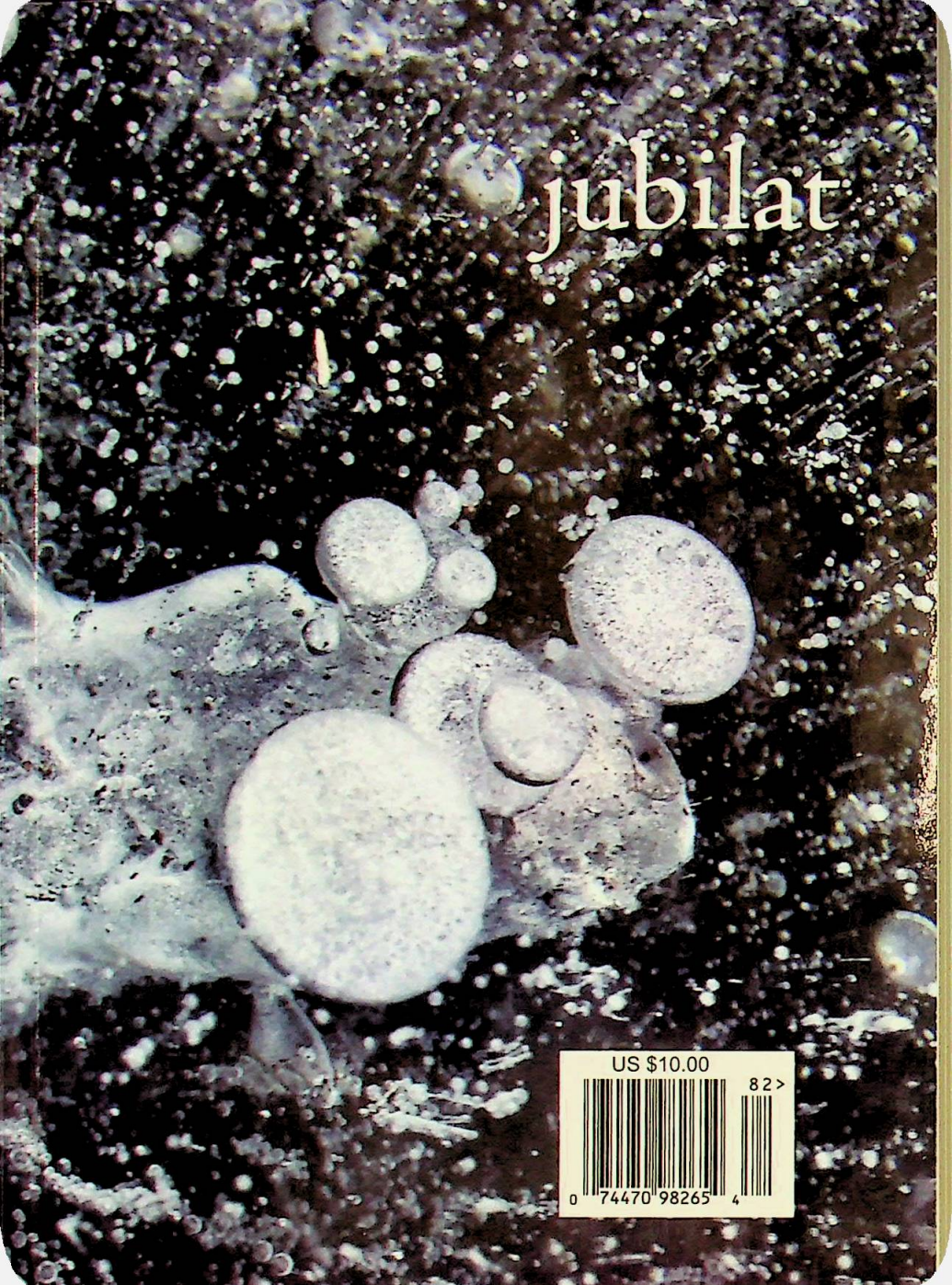




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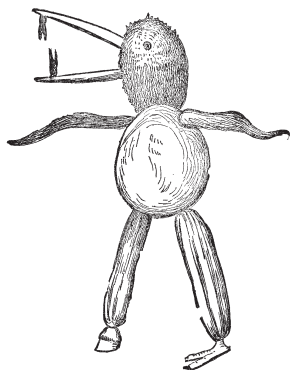
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jubilat publishes twice yearly

BUSINESS & EDITORIAL ADDRESS

University of Massachusetts Amherst

South College W342

150 Hicks Way

University of Massachusetts

Amherst, MA 01003-9269

SUBSCRIPTIONS

\$20 per year or \$35 for two years

Institutions \$30 per year or \$55 for two years

Add \$10 per year for international subscriptions

Single issues available for \$10

Distributed by Ingram and Ubiquity

jubilat is funded by private donations and

the University of Massachusetts Amherst

College of Humanities and Fine Arts

Submissions via Submittable or

contact us at jubilat@gmail.com

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ISSN: 1529-0999



College of
Humanities
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 Hyperallergic

COVER ART: *Lisa Beskin*

INTERCOM

Ivanna Baranova

goodbye
anti-natural agenda

pragmatic fantasy
volleys my intercom
in every private
departure
of my miniscule day

i'm not beholden
to such elation

every gesture
every mental calibration

more trust
more blissness

time i trust my visions

something about waiting
really gets me off

a fatalistic belief
is contagious

FOUR PHOTOS

Lisa Beskin











[IN THIS ONE MACABRE IS PRONOUNCED
MACKABRAY AND ABRUPTLY THE LARGE
PARTY LEAVES THEIR UNEATEN PLATES
TO GO CLUBBING]

Ellen Boyette

Delivering thistles to hangnails I do—and to the prick of noon the grasses
In nests of ball and foot they lay—in mauve and padded waiting tanks—in
Given the many positioned bodies on forest floor—given the fishing line—
I summon forces.

Derelect of haute couture—decrepit euphemistic—the townspeople these days
Though their spines remain in candy cane. Napes occurring fetal. Meager
Babe—I prithee thee come hither. Wither which way the interstate
Congestion flow—thy skort is too whose pleasing. Thy choker chain & combat
What of it? A gif to reclaim—gift in proclamation—Givenchy in rain. Without
Ribbit. Ribbit. Awl the rabbit

Foot found on her isolated pack in woods. And that the heft of it—the heifer

commit to fighter loons in cheek highlighter.
brush salon and AP Lit—in senate clips—in minutes lain.
trampoline flip—given the hogs in pens

just can't wrap their heads around it

boots thy ageless youth to covet. In Ariana's words
the I mine objects vain to pivot.

and the sow—sewn no—no tale saw lo. Yawn.

[IN THIS ONE I HAVE MADE FOR
THE FUNCTION THE DAWN DRESS DOWN
AND THE NEMATODES LITHE LIKE AN
ANKLET OR AN ANKLE OR FEBREZE]

Sinister the dawn was though circumspect I became parented we though they
Then cereal. Regarding the amount of milk poured into cereal. Regarding the
It's exhausting I say to the young men as they stretch my thighs to bralette so as
Despite old age. Commercial preying on the headached for Botox and what say
Gone unlaidd. And what birth could come of it anyway. Fourth furred sister
Fortuitous bank card silked its way into this fettered palm? Night gone oh
Intrepidated. Bracketed though the income tax the severance the needle pricks
Still got braces? Forgo this idle chase. Forget the cartoon laces angled floral
The young men straw dolls made my Laura and Mary, Carrie and Grace in
And fodder in food network charades while father bathes the younger ones in
The dictionary say. Haven't a nickel for the alphabetized though I much prefer

has her'st to no end and no choosing.
measuring cup used to pour said milk into said cereal.
to gain that misconstrued I an inch or two.
thee I say. Spake of thee the dawn
with middle part I do not claim. Hey— whose
spangled— ethereal maid—get me to the brewery
my father cashed out his 401k and whose sister
through breezeways—take verandas in shame. In this one
1878. In this one the townspeople read fodder
lye and Loreal today. Tomfoolery after tomcat may
arraignment to basalt, calico to deign.

[IN THIS ONE THE WORD BLUE
REMAINED OFF-LIMITS AND BLUE
REMAINED THE SOLE LIMIT THOUGH
WHISPERS WERE WORTH LITTLE
AS CURRENCY]

I am not afraid for the young men to hear my recorded voice. A small act of
From skulking from my teeth to a friend's teeth for dinner. The Cranberries
and in me persisted indelible refusal of red bracelets, earrings, etc. Trite and
As getting out of bed. As simple as dishes and yet the young men kept opening
As getting out of bed would have it the refusal of small acts persisted in me
and envelopes of the room opening as blue flocked paper from 1978. She drank
not 1978. Every woman didn't have a body except for red bracelets, earrings and
I am not afraid of opening the white lids as simple as dishes for Lent but in this
So move me to record and wreck it. There is no absent note for hapless. No low
Blue flocked paper from 1978. Indelible in the hippocampus was the laughter

contrition in the demolished yacht prevents me
Linger didn't do anything wrong but ask do you have to
trimmed as the townspeople were it was as simple
the white lids of Apple Airs and envelopes of the dead.
larger—sparrows flight paths through my French braid
heavily was my response to how are you that year
the like. The sound went like this:
one the centipede didn't have a body so what made it
tone to eradicate the sky in abscess as in
and there was no after and no she didn't drink heavily.

[IN THIS ONE I PLAY MY VOICE BACK TO
ME IN THE CROWDED CAFÉ SO NO ONE
MAY SEE ME BEHIND THIS GARISH AND
EXPENSIVE MINK HAT]

Obvious did the crow liken me to the wrench so a we in midair. Hairbent
Learned its old tricks. Ladeling is today's adjective on the Monday that feels like
So. Harp I did on the pallbearers who carry the young men when they are not
procured me a frothy verb to dress in clothing for my small pampered animal's
Draft. Other young men seemed to want to speak to me so I ordered a martini
Did they see in me a jewel encrusted so and so or on me or through. When I
To buy Plan B and I run through wilting bees and wilt in my kilt killed. The
And Remeron. Plotting the red oak's rot in a bathroom's pastel—fault on me
A doll's operated bright spleen. So I ordered a gin and tonic for the table across
Vibrant in the woven scarf they tied a fishing line through to catch it in breeze

expressions cued one after one and the clog
January. Harp wanton on the sidewalk for being so
supposed to sit on the settee. In this one the blender
self care. There's an app for that grackle's woebegone
paid my bill and left the state. Obvious
am see through I run over the lilac scented young men
next time I die I will die again in seraphim
the zoom lens not the loom not the loom between
and viewed thirteen minutes of CSI.
and sell what for conceptually that much more.

[IN THIS ONE THE PROGNOSIS WAS
CLAMOROUS MOVEMENT ABOUT THE
CAGE TO PROVOKE REGRET IN THOSE
WHO REFUSED MY REQUEST TO WALTZ]

A house is worth its disassembled furnishings so I am the agent selling
Grade young men in the basement preoccupied with scrubbing. I thus ring my
Surprise. No one will pay me with blue jays boomeranging off the French
Oncoming water, I dance it with my other hand's knife. I long for the painting
Commentators on the war hairbrained. Rays a more competent limb, I step on
The townspeople too. Bathing not. Out of sun for the remainder, I know my fault
And send the dwindling young men to penance flower gathering and pressing
Reply, flip over in my sty. An apple for whimpering rabbits no short-lived
-Phone, forget I'm eating. Envelopes and doilies litter the seductive aqueducts
Belatedly, Mournfully. Oh serene even-keeled townspeople, in intermittent
Really trapped. Because of climate unkind to meat heaving in wax paper, I will

keywords of unique character. Occluding the factory
own bell, open to stimulate
doors. Warranty makes itself known when holding a spoon near
that talks back to you. Mouth along the idle noise of debriefed
the sun. A fly beneath stiletto, crushed though skittering still.

to. From the window, see them wilting. Will not
comfort as addendum to stew, as when, on my I
I can only read across. Wish You Were Here,
anti-social fasting am I
not call us We—

The young men and me. Still, seek thine phantom brazen company to stave
Humid apothecary twin-sized organ to take my shallow exhalations in plush.
A handful of townspeople rush across my palm to hold me through it, though

away the evening on that which was bequeathed:

Commune here cyclically, in REM,

part my lips, they must, if only to step in.

NOTHING

Molly Brodak

"Nothing can be said,"
they'd say,

although untrue.
Anyone could paint
an entirely new face on their face.
Nothing cannot be said,

the under-face argued.
Anyone could rub
themselves insensate.
To operate any kind of nothingness
is to undo all of it.
Why the scorpion glows
under ultraviolet light
is still unclear,
they'd say.
Such
impudence!
A tiny grasshopper mouse,
Onychomys,

rips apart these scorpions
with thin teeth
and screams
into a moonlit plain,
meanwhile.

CONNECTICUT

Emily Brown

twenty
thirty years since

highwaisted jeans
intimate of
throwaway cameras
the woodlands
in love
like a flick
goldenring
designing the wrong idea

exchange your frame for a spell
you might wake up a different type
in early summer
the light
heavy green
exhausting not quite night

GENESIS

Bill Carty

is playing at the pizza place
my wife tells me
follow you follow me
from night's beginning
last low sun
over the industrial zone
warehouse closed
no longer manufacturing
its underwater
security strategies
or echosonic search
for fish
in the faded logo
on corrugated steel
a scuba diver swims
beneath three nuclear silos
white dotted lines
indicating where
intruders would be foiled
civilization en masse
spared to think
there's been a whole
industry devoted to
peddling segmented vectors
and just last night
I drew a dotted line
in class between

beginning and end
said something
ridiculous like *that's*
where the poem exists
in purple dry erase marker
on the whiteboard
impermanence being
the art's chief function
because forever is scary
and every flotilla
is beautiful on the horizon
until you ask what they're up to

CHILDREN'S CENTER

Heather Christle

I remember the feeling of rice at the rice table

The fine white dust

I was never satisfied

Maybe a bottomless table would have been enough

The better to plunge my hands

One worries about children drowning

I have heard stories of accidents in silos

People like to use silos to say we are alone

Some children would grab your arm and in a dead voice say why
are you hitting yourself

They were tuned into a station

I wanted the rice to not stick to my hands

I wanted to be the sound of the rice falling down

It was an old sound

You could find a red plastic word like positivity buried in the rice

It was the wrong shape

The right shape was hands but the problem was sweat

They asked me why I had not gone outside with the others

I could not find the words to explain

SKELLIG MICHAEL

is an island you can take a boat to but where you cannot ever
spend the night

Something must be like this other than the island, some mossy
sensation

An island where therefore rarely does a human sleep other than a
visiting baby

A baby strapped to the body of a visitor climbing the ancient
stairs

How does an island run on so little sleep

Is not sleep what keeps the island from falling into the sea

The sleep of a thousand puffins knits the island into place

At home in New Hampshire the man's face fell off the mountain

They tried to strap it on, they didn't know about the sleep

How many monks when monks lived on the island fell from the
stairs into the sea

The island we are thinking of had a whole history before Luke
Skywalker moved in

He's not allowed to sleep there, he's not like some moss

I tried to find the island and it autocompleted star wars is ruined

No one has told the puffins, the puffins don't care

From above they are dark like the sea, from below bright like the sky

When a puffin wants to make a joke it pretends to be a Jedi climbing the stairs

The moss has not stopped laughing for one thousand years

WHAT SUSTAINS IN THIS AUTUMN RAIN

Shangyang Fang

It'd be nice to have a stray dog limping along
the sidewalk. So you understand that sadness
is not original. The dog curls cold in my mind
as an unlit wick, which you refuse to kindle.
Here, touch its waterlogged hair with your eyes.
If we had an umbrella, we'd go and get it
home. The dog won't bite, the dog is not
looking for a bone. But there is no dog, you say,
it is just a puddle in the middle of the road,
which I have mistaken for a dog, its wrinkled
furs arresting six legs of an egg-laying
dragonfly. Sometimes, pain does not acquire
a form. Sometimes, it is alright to cry
through another pair of eyes. The dog is there,
barking blue, its whole body a torn fabric
wringing in rain. Now you can see what I see—
the stray dog is happy, happy without any bones,
unchained, chasing after his imaginary Henry.

CHACONNE

Whether 无 emptiness is equivalent to 空 nothingness is a question this child will consider in twelve years when he becomes a youth monk in the temple nearest his hometown. But this afternoon, let him be a child, let him drown the ants with his spit, knead their gastors till his fingers are stained with their dark liquid which he licks clean & whose bitterness will stick on his tongue as long as his tongue is red as his kasaya.

Tonight, as this youth monk repents his sins—of killing two soldiers, who stabbed his mother in her womb, his unborn sister—he thinks that the two bullets he planted in the soldiers' scalps with the touch of his forefinger are as exquisite as the ants. He cannot understand that adding twelve grams of metal to the bodies of two young men his age could stop them from breathing; he cannot understand the ants' death, for he thinks his petal-soft fingers were too powerless to raze.

The temple, built in the Song dynasty, is made of pine wood, splendid on the outside, while on the inside there is as much vacantness as completion. The perennial scent of incense, the oil lamps' green fire burning like jade beads, fill just enough of the absent presence, enough to accommodate both the ants and soldiers behind the draped eyelids of the young monk, who is still, in fact, a child, who toys with his prayer beads and chants the sutras as some sad love songs. He knows by heart,

even though he refuses to know, the teaching of Diamond Sutra, he knows that 无 emptiness, contingent upon the fabric of impermanence, exists while 空 nothingness, as it is, doesn't. His heart is a hole. As he repents, tears stream from his pupils, black as the ants, leaden as the bullets that had perforated (quiet resemblance to 空 nothingness) the soft flesh

of two boys who had hollowed his mother's womb. ■ Nothingness—
if it did not happen, if the cavities could be filled—does not exist.

He tries to go back to the afternoon to save the ants from his own fingers.
He tries so hard that he becomes one of the ants, and from the ant's eyes
he sees that, beside this killing, there is a cluster of lilies, tear-streaked,
shivering in the wind, which looks almost like the face of his unborn
sister, whom he dreamed of nightly. And the emptiness of lilies' slim
bodies, somehow, replaces the space that once resided in nothingness.

ALL GAY ETHICS, EH?

Shelley Feller

o sussy, i suffer my druthers
gloom gets wreck't w/ pleasure
soooooooooey

goonies & stinkers, lucre'd of gainz

dingdong

i got goony w/ dongs
i was literal of

all aim in my * damn am i
hypebeasting atrocities, etc.

etcetera perverts all malaperts in verse ayup

if fucking is a form of thinking is desire
susceptible to irony & diseases
of camp? e.g. yer gaze doth run me thru

yer symptom blunt pulsion to love
 ye fuggo
 ye wrecked 'em nigh brute future
 the figural burden of queerness
 is literal of
 is felching the 'other' w/in
 the 'law' is lived as its own transgression
 disjunctive & copulative
 it slicks its hide its baubles uh many good morsel snug in my blub
 y'all, i yawp literal of
 heaven is a thing again butt chugging
 magnums of Moët
 at the fat faggot pageant
 caLLLL the HOGs
 this piggy's serving sturgeon, sussy
 snuffle up to suck my sac
 of roe
 so row, ye buttery, brunt drunken milt
 sorrow's pricked
 w/ pintle's of shame
 are gay?

ay, hanky-spanky ack away & ache
 i got BIG HOLE ENERGY
 ye argonaughty got doughty by the tankard
 despoiled me ~~sequined & sealed~~ scrum-scruff'd & stank
 i swish
 a pretty mince
 i suffer
 my druthers
 har! har-harpoon't
 it was literal of
 legendary sexy deceased my face
 is a flying fish its anus
 fleet on ye lusty
 the sea jerks off eternally
 ye slap i see the sun
 sip sippy
 ringed w/ blood around its eye my hole
 itching
 sip sippy

something was eager for punishment
 its only recognition

ACK

camp's uh drag

tradge all pageanted
jirrou diu

~~can pass at~~right

wuuzzat in the lazaret

i

by the hygienic apparatus

slung back yer sour whack

spent bloomin' screwed
scorbutic

an' crooned

♪♪a-rovin's been my ru-eye-in♪♪

SO ROW

SO ROW

yer porker ashore

its lovely flesh to chew

♪a-cruisin's been my ruuuuu-in♪♪

*this congealed

...skin of such a messy stew

...shame

ruptures...

...oozes ... sick

-under

sweet...

thumping pucker fat

knuckled

o sussy

what jacuzz!

...slime ~~thick~~ in a contagious-identificatory-movement

...that is always-already

abaf hatch of

i is a backward feeling **hemorrhaging**

o marrow me!

wuzzit intimate's odd moulder

... **old stancher**

mooning brobaude out lout

in larder

living down the bilge an' livery

o suss ye

shun't

an' lashed to mizzenmast

i kill yer stiffy kissing

-ly

...hemorrhoids...

...sissy-cathected

to death

...catharsis

((~~ea~~tharsissy)) becomes a form of ironic

queer...contamination... 'situating' tragedy not...

faggots love to lick

as the antithesis...but as that which ((camp))
...(()) necessarily 'transgresses'

...in its 'constitution'...

queer tragedy is uh... catathresis ((~~catachresis~~)) uhhh... ((threshold
poetics))...

+

+

+

+

torquing dominant

...modes...of cultural production &

unpeeling revealing instability of 'genre' & political...

emotions...embattled...

((all

...& 'face-controlled'

prolapsed))

....at the club

...fashion, etcetera

...for

...i love

...moody bitches do die

ah, vacation

hanky-spanky ACK away & ache

o rankled, inebrate! all foibles irritate
he-bangle wrangle me ahoy

camping in the eschaton
came to
ahhh, men

shake it up

text, corpse, portal throat, rectum, excrement
metonymic circuits of desire
break—zag, double back—lang-
uage folds in precipitous
creases accreting grotesque

& spectacular ACK i slit & slick
 the ~~horizon~~ ((where being surges
 forth ((o congealed o membranous
 i slip pre-lubricated tips i shit
 myself for men they do appeal

Fleet® on, ye lusty

i sissy ascesis i accede

to this nothing

♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

♪ ♪

Note:
all gay ethic, eh? warps a soupçon of language from Georges Bataille's "Dream" and "The Solar Anus"; Carolyn Dean's *The Self and Its Pleasures*; Tim Dean's *Unlimited Intimacy*; Stan Hugill's *Shanties from the Seven Seas*; Derek McCormack's *The Well-Dressed Wound*; David Melnick's *Men in Aida*; Frank O'Hara's poem "for James Dean"; and Susan Sontag's essay "On Camp."

DEAR PETER

Patty Gone

Dear Peter,

I rented *Hook* on Amazon for \$3.99 and was watching this scene on my laptop in bed in which forty-year-old you, played by Robin Williams, watches the Lost Boys eat air. They grab nothing from empty platters, wiping no crumbs all over their sleeves, and Rufio sees you not playing along and throws a bowl at you. “Eat your heart out, you crinkled wrinkled fat bag.” It pisses you off and you fling a scoop of nothingness at him, and as this nothing flies, it solidifies into pink and blue icing, a direct hit. Rufio wipes the glob from his eyes. You look at your spoon, bewildered. “You’re doing it,” says a Lost Boy on your right. “Doing what?” you ask. “Using your imagination, Peter.” The camera pans from your face to reveal a seven-legged turkey, a cheese mountain, green pies with smears of yellow, red pies with baby blue dollops, and John Williams’ orchestral score reaches crescendo, signaling your transformation. “You’re playing with us, Peter.” “You’re doing it.” “You’re doing it, Peter.”

Since Neverland’s known to erase one’s memory, I’ll briefly restate how you arrived at this table: you fell in love with Wendy’s granddaughter, Moira, left Neverland, drank the corporate Kool Aid, had kids, and then, on a visit to Granny Wendy’s house, Captain Hook kidnaped your kids in order to lure you back to Neverland. To save the day, you must remember how to be...yourself. Remember, Peter? Is this, like, *true*? I have a hard time believing you grew up to be a normie capitalist with no sexual baggage, but when Wendy points at that

illustration of you in tights in the children's book and says, "Peter, don't you know who you are?," you have no fucking clue.

I remember first watching *Hook* on my ninth birthday at a second-run cinema in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania located between a Toys "R" Us and a state penitentiary. The cinema has closed. The Toys "R" Us has closed. The Dauphin County Prison is still there. Peter, I'm writing because I've been going through it lately and I get compared to you sometimes, even at thirty-seven, though so many performers across age and gender have played you, so maybe karmically I guess, and watching a forty-year-old version of you reckon with urself got me wondering if I can live in two worlds at once.

In the opening chapter of J.M. Barrie's novel about you, published in 1911, he says Neverland isn't a single location, that each child has their own personal Neverland, "a map" in "a child's mind." This map "is always more or less an island" populated by fantastical elements particular to that child, maybe "lonely lairs," "caves through which a river runs," "a hut going fast into decay," but a bit different for everyone. Like, I sourced mine from late 80s Pennsylvania whereas Barrie based yours on a turn of the century British boy cozy in colonialism.

So the problem, or maybe the lifelong battle, according to Barrie, of preserving one's personal Neverland, is that this map has to hold its own against real world input as one grows, such as "first day of school, religion, fathers, the round pond, needlework, murders, hangings, verbs that take the dative, chocolate pudding day, getting into braces..., and either these are part of the island or they are another map showing through," until there's two maps, two worlds overlaid, neither one clear, bleeding into each other, and it's "rather confusing, especially as nothing will stand still." Peter, does adulthood begin when the first map dies, or when they're so interwoven that I don't realize I'm dreaming? Do real food and pretend food taste the same?

It's such a beautiful reveal at the table in *Hook* when the audience sees the hedonistic bounty of pie, but I wondered, whose Neverland is this? Yours? Rufio's? Spielberg's? Barrie's? And I got so curious about everyone's Neverlands that I watched this kinda bad 2011 British miniseries *Neverland* on Amazon. Neverland was "included with my Prime Membership." LOL.

If *Hook* is your epilogue, *Neverland* claims to be your origin story. You were a Dickensian pickpocket in nineteenth century London who got sucked into a magical orb that transported you to Neverland, an actual place, a planet lodged halfway between two universes such that time stopped. Is *this* true? I don't want Neverland in some sci-fi galaxy! I want to get there by jumping out the window of my own head.

Peter, it's hard to admit, but I'm still clinging to my Neverland. I spent the bulk of my time until age thirteen, or older honestly, honing that first map. My sports and video games diet was light, and playmates sparse, so I spent massive chunks of alone time as the third person omniscient narrator of fictional worlds. For instance, I enacted the *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* thirty minute episode formula with my figurines so precisely that I timed myself, making sure to create cliffhangers every seven minutes for commercial breaks, and I'd HATE to be called to dinner because the imagination dies at the dinner table, actual food is such a drag, so I'd clean the plate in under two minutes and run back to the island.

In Barrie's book, your main beef isn't with Captain Hook, but with Wendy. Captain Hook is a loyal playmate, but when Wendy wants to leave Neverland, you take it as a personal affront and freak out. She prizes connection to her family over the dream world and can somehow compartmentalize her fantasies into boxes with beginnings and ends. But you and I know it's all poetry, Peter. Morality tales are fucked, and I think Spielberg turning your life story into a two hour referendum on good parenting feels like dousing every viewer's personal Neverland with kerosene and tossing a match.

You, one of fiction's greatest imaginers, regains access to the lost map that puberty stole from you and all you do is be a slightly more chill dad? Did Spielberg betray me or was it you?

When your Robin Williams self returns to the real world, he awakens in the snow outside Wendy's house to Tinker Bell saying, "Do you know that place between sleep and awake? That place where you still remember dreaming? That's where I'll always love you." Can't I live between, like, pay my bills *and* hang with Tinker Bell? Yesterday afternoon, while listening to a garbled orchestra through my iPhone speaker, awaiting the voice of a healthcare provider, I transposed the notes into John Williams' theme from *Hook* so my existence felt more adventure-like. When I gaze into the chasm of my savings account after the first of the month or greet the mouse who chills on the Brooklyn stovetop I share with three strangers, four if you count the mouse, I remind myself that I live this way so the first map doesn't die. If the events in *Hook* are true, I've adhered to your ethos longer than you, you corporate shill.

Peter, I totally get that clinging to the first map as I age is a fucking problem, a headspace where, if I'm not mindful, relationships don't develop, they freeze, but does that mean I can't go to Neverland, like, ever? Can't I eat nothing for dinner and be full?

<3,

- PG

DAILY LIFE

Yam Gong

That year when I was about 4 or 5
I became seriously ill
In my delirium, a woman from Dongguan
waited for my soul's return
One foot of cloth, one bowl of water,
some clothes burning hotly in a brazier in front of my bed
My parents walked amid the smoke
Myriad silhouettes of my saddened brothers and sisters
spun around my bed like leaping horses on a revolving lantern
I saw my soul
following schoolmates from my former life
playing in the river of forgetfulness
Mother said,
You had us scared back then,
your entire body was ice cold,
only your nostrils
rising and falling made a noise
Not until you heard the voice of the sponge cake seller
did you open your eyes,
smiling grimly
And then what, Mother?
Then you came to judge the world
We were watching you from far away, and day by day
you recovered

BACK PAIN

Fine, just cough—
what's really killing me is
my back
Panic is when a doctor wants to see through you—
what's really killing me is
anxiety
Two lungs appear on the light box
sound and intact
Cough, just cough it out—
The problem is
my back hurts
One spasm after another,
one week after another,
seven times seven equals forty-nine days of the dead
Each day thinner than ever
Each tiny sensation
feels like something crawling
gripping my throat
gripping my chest
Cough, just cough until I'm halfway to death—
Cough until I'm spitting up blood, cramping and screaming
Electrotherapy, surgery and then
floating or drowning
in the sea
of life
What's really killing me is
anxiety
On the light box
two lungs

sound intact
and symmetrical
Nothing found Nothing seen Nothing diagnosed
Why can't I spit a mouthful of blood at this positivist world?
Cough cough cough
What's really killing me is my cough—
Coughing is a phenomenon
Not an essence
Pain pain pain
What's really killing me is pain—
pain and no-pain
will never meet

PAPER FRESH FROM THE SHREDDER

Matthias Göritz

Wind
then suddenly the trees go crazy
Out goes the one with the ox's head
in comes the one with the cloven hoof

Time flew after the game of chess
In terms of which wind, which rain
You lied
I'm getting sick of it

There are thunderstorms
in which a driving wind takes someone for a ride
I could use a storm like that about now

where time flies by
with wishes and a brimmed hat brought out
under the stars

You say thank you it was a nice time
You took my breath away
It's like I'm clinging to my name
and its letters

DURING THE DAY

the high-rises go on becoming
one strung out

necklace of Lego bricks
a mirror tight with light

block upon block
as if taking a seat

Heaven was there
right beside me

At night
I love the water

especially sweat
while swimming in the lake

I know a sound
(liquid sunshine)

meaning houses-clouding-over water
everything at the shore

only shadows
on my hand

THE RIVER RUNNING UNDER THE RIVER

The traffic in my head
and the street traffic
tie themselves together

I hurried down the green hall
to the door
and flipped my bedroom on its head

Hello there? Is it June?
I hid myself
took a trip under my tongue

I thought July? We age
and we change
locally

Chicago, O'Hare
the city the river the lake and the

I thought maybe
a lifetime might be long enough
to buy a pizza pie and even more

to sit in the backseat of a taxi
fixed on a chessboard of streets strapped
into traffic
I thought I am sitting in this city

fixed to my body
as if to a gurney

Motion made to be motionless

With the steady stream of newspapers
every morning in the omnibus of my little wishes
and evenings with the day's companions

Am I not flitting about?
I am, only it is
as if this day didn't even exist

the taste of this particular city
the shadows within it—
its run-down houses

Perhaps I'm not actually on a trip or only ...
further, yes, here comes the river again ...
and here it is again ... but more ... under my tongue

CRUISER

I would like to put out to sea
Put out to sea I wish to be

my very own frigate
my cabin cruiser

Put out to sea
in a summer full of sweat beads

in the Land of the Lincoln
I know I'm right here

here at a crossroads
State at Grant

turn right off *Grant* at *Wabash*
turn right off *Wabash* at *Illinois*

and keep turning right off
Illinois State

Perfected corners
Perpetual spinning top

Could you please cut-and-paste this plot for me
Empty parking lot, little building

the fire lane a darkened canal
my cruiser-I wants to put out to sea

to put out to sea suddenly
go right and right off

A female glass worker carrying a tube of rolled glass at Pilkington
Glass Ltd of St Helen's, Lancashire.

Translated by Mary Jo Bang



A female glass worker carrying a tube of rolled glass at Pilkington Glass Ltd of St Helen's, Lancashire. 1918.

INVOCATION

Miriam Greenberg

Oh, en « unordinary »
Oh, chanting and • muse to the voluptuary
Oh, gods; errant hare's breath
Oh, of field-mist en miniature; stinkbug-sewn (and -stunk)
Oh, solitary writing room and patron-intercessor-saint who turnt
Oh, « pearl, » this oyster-irritant to seed • persisting as I have,
Oh, too; • even when a black dog the size of an entire night
Oh, haunts • consuming « me, » in shadow whole « persisting »
Oh, days; self-unknown form be
Oh, longing to an | other world and • from spirit-
Oh, compromise – a body's « refuge » way of being
Oh, whole; gift of gold leaf with which a minor god I made
Oh, myself; loitering certain avenues where I spend my after
Oh, noons inhabiting • lust-luxuriant and filth
Oh, y « others' » minds; • fox-kits « I become, » and falcon; little • choral
Oh, book, let me be « illuminated » more lives than one.

This appeared in *The Other World*, a limited-edition of 100
letterpress artist books from the NYC-based Center for
Book Arts; it was published in October 2019.

+

To bound as in to run or walk with leap
ing strides, to spring as in upon, or mark
as (a) map (does) the margins of a territory's re-
strictions, its limits or liminal zones. Verb
made adjective, word turned from act
ive to passive: doer unto done to. Obligated
by law or circumstance into certain-
ty; tied or made fast; fastened or destined
as in for disaster: a possum is bound to break
fast by burrowing up through henhouse dirt
to devour a bird nest-up. Or + an owl
« the intimacy of » after dusktime hunt: rabbit
borne low across the sky as if caught
by fate – which + backwards in time « unwinds ».

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Book Arts; it was published in October 2019.

•

Oh god give back the soul before you go, he told
the men who'd in | his enclosed room deprived him
of it not | an hour ago. If a room's a prison made
of mud's descendants, and brick the master's stud
y | and sturdy house, then a brickyard's self-made mount
ain-kiln the master's tool which with itself it makes
itself anew. Then in a month or year or more he
emerged beneath the sun: footsoles tender on the walk
way's rust-bled ferric red as, shuttled into waiting car
with « his » passport from which • forged face came gleam
ing, he flew or fled and came to make his claim.
[Which, let's be clear, was denied en fin after five years
and as many appeals by bureaucrats who understand
nothing of clan or tribal violence, nor those words, shaped
by the mouth of an amateur interpreter, only quotas – and
that all claimants are known to be liars.]

This appeared in *The Other World*, a limited-edition of 100
letterpress artist books from the NYC-based Center for
Book Arts; it was published in October 2019.

+

In town, in the dark, simple things happen. In the woods, though, form's a distraction: sheath for safe keeping left pinned in saplings young enough still to inhabit the night's Vantablack, its undercanopy (a body being best outward manifest of) lack, or under carriage of wind that tangles together the eucalyptus' braided leaves. There, unpinned from their soles, + shadow s shimmy into « our » another world through its otherworldly apse as lovers who take leave of their bodies mid-act: « unbidden » bodies go on decimating their separate selves in + enjoinder. Then, who knows when (time being immaterial in the other world), they come back, made again material and + in feathers « fledged » so fine they shimmer on the skin as scales do, and, aureate apparition, must be cleaned the same: filleting knife held blunt-edge backwards, grasp fast feet or tail and strigil toward the head.

This appeared in *The Other World*, a limited-edition of 100 letterpress artist books from the NYC-based Center for Book Arts; it was published in October 2019.

♦

In the other world the body did what bodies do, its fixed media decayed by age, ultraviolet, insects, fugitive dyes, and we paid it no mind: our minds, electric, mined another's forms. In ♦ inhabited « our ambition, we » stags mid-leap, and leopards; ♦ rolled for a moment « we » in the fecund shit of a farmer's sty, then left to find two feral dogs fucking and felt our halved selves in each: teeth urgently if not ungently sunk into the other's shoulder and, bit, we savored our languorous pain. We were cry that splits the landscape in two, and we were the listeners who heard it fractal apart the lightninged sky or lace ♦ across a body's bound chest. In « fled » form we found and ♦ « its clouds » our home in revelry, but warily; a self a carceral dis « uncaredful » comfort; its camera obscura precisely a captured spirit's ♦ size.

This appeared in *The Other World*, a limited-edition of 100 letterpress artist books from the NYC-based Center for Book Arts; it was published in October 2019.



Coming (as we do) to the very edge of knowing, until for a moment, mindless and made entirely of id, our spirits become one in the many-columned pantheon of two mingled bodies. What we'd expected made illumined by our lives' receding glacier was achieved. And of lust's turbulence, which the encumbrance of a body occasionally quenches, tiny leaden candle-snuff of self? We once more were two, shapes sheer sheaths like a cicada's celluloid shell shrugged off by an earlier spirit, or extinct hominid ancestor uncoiling its skein. Later as you rebraided the long serpent of your hair into its espaliered ladder, I looked closely at the bed. It was an ancient animal itself, turned marble by the gods and stilled in paroxysm with half-parted lips, its mouth a two-tongued rasp we used to soothe ourselves.

After, in inverse, "Achievement" by Yannis Ritsos, tr. Rae Dalvin.

+

In this city of orange trees
runs its warm wind over every leaf
a world given being by touch. The taste
leaves on an inlander's
upon it as if watching
grace, itself young
and wet its ankles in the surf.
I'm going to tell you. The stranger
a stone building nearby, eating
for only himself. Scorch-blackened
ceiling above his stove. His mirror's
with. In it, the stranger
in the presence of its own unrecognizable
from image. The mirror imagines
carvers leave their chiselers'

After "Pro Forma" by Yannis Ritsos, tr. Martin McKinsey.

+

the ocean unceasingly
like a stranger gone blind or possessed by darkness, identifying
the ocean shimmering beyond seawall
salt-tipped tongue, and the statue that stands lookout
for a ship to breach the horizon's topaz
enough to step down from pedestal
That's all
is inside
radishes sliced thin as paper and arrayed on a porcelain plate
with soot the stone
gaze sharp enough to shave
is watchful as a wild dog is
reflection, indistinguishable
him, and the stone-
mark there, where the navel might go.



That our stone shapes (grasping discus or petrified and still stroking their black jimmy-machines like a river-wet and -smooth ed stone's briefly obsidian face) have been broken; that we've been driven from the temples to scorch our soles on black sand beaches where cows chew their cud lazily as a herder in the not-far dunes slips hand in pants (unloosed braid's snake like lying beside her in the sand) or ticks into high school's in cunabula an emoji-marked lover's missive, doesn't mean at all that the gods are no longer loved. Oh, empty-eyed self-storage unit by the highway full of our dark-eyed and elegant effigies, first given detail with mouse-sable brushes then white washed when it became fashionable forty years later. Dawn wakes over us, our unseeded clouds rain-rich; we are in love already and in- (winging across *our own hills* in rapid flight) -distinct.

After "Ionic" by C. P. Cavafy, tr. Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard; *jimmy-machines* borrowed from "Twilight Cantos 5" by Iván Argüelles.

POETRY COMICS

Lauren Haldeman





Now

Jennifer Hasegawa

Run to river, mountain, valley, shore;
trout, eagle, grizzly, bee.
Gawk with awe and then shoot
at close range. Bang
ruffles stiff science across the scape.

This
is a feast of human sperm
and horse ova! The offal of rich
data melts on contact. Stuffed
with conflict and never felt better.

COLLATING ALIEN

Jack Haug

Alien (1979) was the scariest movie I ever saw before I ever saw it. It lurked in cartoons, action figures, and VHS tapes at Pleasant Street Video. Every hobby shop had a cardboard cutout of the Xenomorph, as it came to be called, glowering and drooling acid. Unlike its imitators, *Alien* charged crackerjack science fiction with an unspeakable nightmare symbology.

I'm still taken aback by the moment the crew of the starship *Nostromo*, responding to a distress signal, stumbles upon strange ruins. The wonder and excitement of the investigation build to the crew's most fabulous find: an enormous, fossilized astronaut seated at a command console resembling a telescope. Peering at his chest, Captain Dallas (Tom Skerritt) ominously notes that his "bones are bent outward, like he exploded from inside."

More frightening than what the characters see is what they don't see and can't understand. What could have killed such a being? Who is he and where has he come from? His body, like his spaceship, is a trace of profound *Alien* grandeur. As the traveler observes who comes upon Ozymandias, "Nothing beside remains. Round the decay / Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare / The lone and level sands stretch far away." Insinuating designs, obscenely sexual alien forms, and breathless revelations turn curiosity, our morbid urge to gaze, against us.

In a stygian grotto filled with egg sacs, Kane (John Hurt) sticks his nose where he shouldn't. Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) orders Ash (Ian Holm) to follow quarantine regulations and not let the search party back on board. Despite the alien scorpion hugging Kane's face, he disregards her. He then appeals implicitly to sexist tropes when she presses him to explain himself. He denies her right to issue commands and accuses her of lacking fellow feeling, a trap for a woman in a position of

authority. "What would you have done with Kane?" he asks. It's a line that would likely work on Dallas, with whom Ash seeks to ingratiate himself. Ripley's impassiveness subverts the crew's expectations as well as the audience's.

Much of the tension in the film comes from the information asymmetry that gives Ash, the science officer, his edge. He alone knows what is happening to Kane. The viewer knows less than he does but more than his colleagues. Ash benefits further from the deference accorded him by his expertise, which allows him to keep them at bay. "Leave Kane to Ash," Dallas says. Kept out of the laboratory, Parker (Yaphet Kotto) can't get an answer when he asks, "How come you guys don't freeze him?" Ripley, in turn, is deflected with science mumbo jumbo.

While we are all "still collating" the film's meanings, *Alien* plainly anticipates the infiltration of seemingly intelligent technologies into our lives. Below-deck engineers Parker and Brett (Harry Dean Stanton) would say "we ought to discuss the bonus situation," but the problem runs deeper than compensation. Unlike in *Aliens* (1986), the operation's corporate sponsors manage the "expendable" crew with a technological supervisory apparatus. Ash is an android undercover. His obligation is to Mother, the ship's computer, and to the profit motive. Like the alien he protects, the "structural perfection" of the system he represents "is matched only by its hostility."

Doting on the fetal parasite he incubates inside Kane, Ash is as smooth as Iago. After Dallas is killed, Ripley accesses Mother and learns that the purpose of the expedition is to retrieve the alien. Ash jumps her, revealing his inorganic nature in his least calculated moment. The image is *Alien* at its most shocking and irrational. With pictures of naked women pinned to the wall behind him, he forces a rolled-up magazine into her mouth. He attempts to negate her and to reinstate the social order.

The penetration of the male body continues to define the film

in the public imagination. Right before he's placed on his back to give birth, feminized, the camera reverses on Kane. We see him from behind. Ash eyes him coolly while his colleagues rush to help, but soon they can all only gawk. The scene drags an unbearable fear into the open: that human dignity is a pretense, that we are mere things, that no one is safe. If the system that sustains us is rooted in suffering, if it makes us look at each other like objects, it produces and distributes us, too.

Ridley Scott eschews triumphant emotional cues in favor of deliberate pacing and naturalistic performances. He directed *Blade Runner* (1982) next and then "1984," the commercial that introduced the epoch-making Apple Macintosh personal computer. He has further explored the animus of the created in his *Alien* prequels *Prometheus* (2012) and *Alien: Covenant* (2017), the latter distinguished by one of the most emphatically pessimistic endings ever. As Shelley puts it, "Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!"

Despite the frenzy to which they inevitably descend, Scott's *Alien* films resist categorization. It's easy to disgust and offend, to leer and sell cynicism as truth, to market the marketable but hard, ultimately, to frighten. Like *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (1974), which has a similarly messy family dinner scene, *Alien* gets under your skin by showing less than you think it does. What still fascinates about *Alien* is what it says about our predicament and how unsparing it is.

To quote Ash, "I admire its purity."

WALK IN A STRATEGY OF COOL VICTORY.

Lauren Hilger

Are only the eras we photographed
going to be repeated?
Refine that image, so glaciers remain.
A rushed experience now it is.
Posted and known now it is
not governed. I can close my eyes to get home.
It was a childhood boyfriend who taught me
how to select all. For English
makes my pen wobble. For president
was originally an ungrand word.
That system has failed, lost-in-the-mall.
Men have played degrees of light
and heavy hands in hurting me,
yet the pain was unbridled firehose all the same.
If only. Tossing pears to the hogs, tossing
pears he stole, Augustine loved the bad in him.
I want to flip this table here. I want to go down
the center very straight in these heels hah!
Want to divide Atlantic City in this cafeteria,
sorry, foodcourt. Of the great storms of me,
one was this weekend.
Done, the hoes in your phone. You've been done,
hangovers, done, sunburns. Done making out?
Done camping out? Are there new ways of dying?
Is there a new loneliness on this island?
New crushed spices? I'll stir

the group text as a ghost, I'll still text you guys.
Raised on light blue and the scent of new school supplies.
Raised on the beginning of a country song.
A fast pencil, a sound expiring.

DOCUMENT

Noor Hindi

"Ms. Najjar has joined the ranks of those lionized as Gaza's martyrs."

— The New York Times

for Rouzan al-Najjar

Tell me about the flowers
on her scarf. Her white
medical coat, now red.

Nails painted pink
as a tongue, a sunset,
a pomegranate. How tear

gas forms clouds above
the dead. How a land —
force fed bullets and blood —

ruptures its stomach
and swings it at a flag.
Tell me. In a country

that allows four hours
of electricity a day, how a people
live in darkness, hold the keys

to homes blown up by soldiers,
while a mother clutches her daughter,
now dead. Takes off Rouzan's white

gloves, grieves the sun
and its impenetrable light.
Remembers the toy

stethoscopes Rouzan played
with as a child, then stares
into the eyes of an Israeli soldier.

And laughs.

THE BLUE WILDEBEEST IN MORNINGSIDE PARK IS SLEEPING.

Alexis Jackson

I've only ever asked her one question,
one singular time
when I was walking up,
and she, down the stone stairwell:

*How does it feel being beastly
So far out from the savanna?*

Slow, breathy response,

*Earth is earth and the rules never change,
but beast is not my name.
What's yours? Are you Predator?
Prairie?
Languid-tongued lake?
Half-Full Night.
Tepid Tangle of a Woman,
tell me.*

I am called Alexis is what I thought to say.

Instead, I begged pardon.
Instead, I stared hard at the stone stair.
Instead, I thought about my prairie-like appearance—
deep fertile soil, large expanse of grass.
Instead, I pictured my father as stretch of sky

my mother, a cut of valley.

I've only ever asked her two questions.
The second, *Am I open and empty looking?*

Her bothered response:
*On Mondays and Wednesdays and when your lover calls
And when you remember what your grandmother can't remember.*

Instead, I stared hard at the stone stair.
Instead, I berated myself for being so uncompromisingly indelicate.
Instead, I wondered on her name and the conditions of her happiness.

Morningside Park sleeps.
The blue Wildebeest nods my way in salience,
from her morning bed of bench and quilt.
No one is ever alarmed.
I am running
because I really must be on my way.

I think of my father's bristled distance
My mother's opaque
How much better they are apart

How they're always together when they call
Is this my little girl?
How my lover is always away
Is this my secret?

How I always answer

My parents: the pretend arrangement
To call my father *father*
To change my last name

My mother: the myth of wholeness

my lover: a wiry knotted ascent
up hard stone stair

Me: an empty sidewalk

You: a glance at a stranger's name;
a decision to read; a beast, a park,
the color blue

WOOD

Peter Krumbach

It was my right leg and Sheryl's left. Turning into wood. Although we didn't have children, she was pregnant by her boss Gus. Her leg was cedar, mine Siberian elm. At first we thought it was the stress from shouting, listening to our voices growing hoarse. But then, as we sat in the divorce lawyer's suite, the spoon I tapped her knee with rang tuning-fork clear. That's when the attorney bent and scrutinized our thighs, scratched diagrams and footnotes I glimpsed over his shoulder—*rare grain, precious, REMOVABLE*. A week later, reconvened at his desk, we learned he'd double his fee. By then my left shoulder and upper arm had wooded and Sheryl feared her fetus had too. The lawyer took off his blazer to wheel us from room to room, the firm's partners viewing our limbs. By June we grew bark. Our bank accounts cleaned, the house liened, we were hauled to the edge of town. Whistling to his shadow, a man labored, now and then pausing to tilt a flask, one hand on the wall where he had us propped. In the late sun we listened. Birdsong, flies, earth scraping the spade.

DIARY FROM A WRITING RESIDENCY,
MARFA.
JAN-FEB 2020

Amitava Kumar

For Martha Jessup and Douglas Humble







EULOGY

Jun-long Lee

With their names one commands them; corrals the named in
acts of appearing, what is called clutched in a fist recalls:
remains appear on the corneas, dwindle like a lineage of
oldmaids. Out of coral the destination – redsepulchre –
materializes. Huskmaking, the previous press fleshy pasts
into a path to pasture (endless).

With names one can't deter a marriage of minerals, world;
can't make two, mirrored to find this rot together.

LAGOON

Lagoon, lain in
plummeting larynx
overgrown with vexes
each a lynx;

plumes fetters
the waters fester
churn blood typhoon
haunt every wall;

embalmed, the surface
planted with likenesses
each cupping phosphors
in their prayerbaskets;

enclosed water
with a nature that
carries, distributing
phages into all

agape

SEQUENCE

growing humid

hot rooms where
bloodgardeners seed

diseased cultures:

specimens whose

acting dim the
staircases of stamens

watery with potential:

broodmares plumped

by black meals that
colour the passages

where they live:

weakening the

nearby world with
their transformations

and their eaten:

their population

that leaks out
trotting or limping

impossible strangers:

PLUTO'S DEPRESSION

Lizzie Lenson

Let's take my debt and your debt
and combine it. It would be the color
of a boardwalk moonstone,
cheap and unafraid.

It would have the same scent
as our sheets. You scathe,
I scathe around you
in the shape of the lake.

You have to walk yourself out
of someone else's guilt.

You have to draw a new door
over the old one to leave.

I write money, money, money
until I smell it on my hands.

Later, anvil was the word
that I was searching for.

ITSELF

What I'm in, it started
in the middle

it got my attention
and returned me back.

A piece of it lodged in me
a piece of me lodged in its mechanics

entranced by repetition
white violets drawn on cotton

in the dead of morning.
Almost in the room of its

jealousy, the cradled
ocelot it's made me

not fast at all but frantic
to be not near itself

NO ONE WILL FINANCE MY INDIE MOVIE

Dylan Loring

in which a boy sits on a bench in the rain
listening to the Ramones
I don't think anyone gets that
it's not intended to be artsy

listening to the Ramones
there's probably a girl or guy in the periphery
it's not intended to be artsy
nor serious nor funny nor tragic

there's probably a girl or guy in the periphery
it's just how it is
not serious nor funny nor tragic
the rain doesn't cleanse or dirty either

it's just how it is
a 98 Cadillac Deville splashes by
the rain doesn't cleanse or dirty either
but it does leave a smell

a 98 Cadillac Deville splashes by
everything about the scene falls short
but it does leave a smell
there's so much trying and so much not trying

everything in the scene falls short
the boy's not old enough to know what's going on
there's so much trying and so much not trying
which evens out to a wash

the boy's not old enough to know what's going on
but neither is God
which evens out to a wash
there's a lingering affect

but nowhere is God
on this overcast day or undercast night
there's a lingering affect
of someone who doesn't buy into mindfulness exercises

on this overcast day or undercast night
but it's all beside the point
of someone who doesn't buy into mindfulness exercises
attempting a mindfulness exercise
but it's all beside the point
because the situation isn't right for
attempting a mindfulness exercise
the dulled brain in need of rest

because the situation isn't right for
a late night Baker's Square run
the dulled brain in need of rest
but in greater need of stimulus

a late night Baker's Square run
cut from the final reel

in greater need of a stimulus
in no need of watery Folger's

cut from the final reel
the boy drinks whiskey from an ornate flask
in no need of watery Folger's
after all the boy hasn't a future or past

the boy drinks whiskey from an ornate flask
the audience doesn't need to care about the movie
after all the boy hasn't a future or past
it's that kind of a movie

the audience doesn't need to care about the movie
in which a boy sits on a bench in the rain
it's that kind of a movie
I don't think anyone gets that

THIS WAR THAT WAR

Jennifer MacKenzie

Do you sing N asks after hours of talking about war
She makes us a perfect miniature breakfast
half a cucumber half a tomato sliced one egg in a cup
I hack at the soft egg with a knife and ask for salt

N has become a mythical sex object by living alone
with asthma and diabetes and writing articles and poems
This provokes men she doesn't know swear to other men
she does that she propositioned them and they fucked her

Show me the message she writes and the message isn't shown
Conspiracies are a kind of salve for wounds outsourced
to other selves. Why else does she sit alone
if she doesn't want me to approach her

N explains the origins of Bosch's oeuvre
Each day he passed though a market near his house
Drunks whores merchants. And from this stroll
got his visions of minute shattered hells

In her articles N is in 10 cities a day with 10 pseudonyms
because the editor is too cheap to hire another writer
Labiba in Morrocco, Noor in Paris. N wants to write a novel
about the suffering of her two small dogs

It starts when she dies in the street. What do you die from I ask
Who knows she says. She forgets the English for le deluge

I tell her about the passenger next to me on the plane
who gave me his plush blanket and said he stopped talking

about the war he fled because god and the devils
and the angels and the moon have heard about this war
Yes it's like clonage N says. It makes everything fake
In the hells Bosch painted all the devils are wearing his face

AMORPHISM

Sarah Matthes

There must be a song that birds use
to describe a form of clairvoyance
based on the motions
of our human commutes,

or the family tree
of a tree
drawn in the shape of man
recycling himself underground.

There must be an angler fish
so deep in the squeeze
of the ocean's core
alighting its ancient leather face
like a nightmare in the nightlight in the night.

I love the Komodo dragon sleeping in the zoo,
his poison tongue locked in his jaw,
his breath bluing the glass for a moment like smoke.

I love the Loch Ness Monster
because I know she is a stick.

FACE-NAMES: THE NAME

Sarah McCloughan

The present is contempt.
He admitted he'd come

to our town of streets
just to leave his books out in the sun.

My aunt assembled a good straight,
the pianist next door for once

untroubling. His passion was
the sole violence in her world,

the impact his playing made
on her a kind of altar.

If she'd had the energy, she would
have frequently changed its cover,

but she grew diffuse
inside her hours.

She contemplated
the carriages in the street.

She still saw herself as part
of the string of women,

all the same, suffering through
the day, reading flowers

for one father or another.
She was able to say she'd dressed

fine, was interesting, knew
the paths in and out of town.

Sometimes she supposed the pianist
had come just to be an entertainment.

The distance between now and then
was a bird in conversation with her grave.

She knew an impression of the sun
was the point.

FACE-NAMES: THE FACE

In reality, my face is the mistress,
the type that knows sweet pain
stems from neatly remarked time.

Love has allowed itself to return now.
We have discoursed wittily enough.
I will be able to make a tender emanation

from the window forcing itself upon me.
In the houses of Combray my company
is already in vain. It is spring.

I steal my dark from the darkness,
but I compose my light
in light. It's bliss, this state,

remaining in contact with limit,
a stone hat urging one to speak.
I invented myself.

I knew it was going to feel breezy.
The cloaks fell, and indeed
the friendships hurried along,

each eye a servant going over
everything, marshaling the forces
of enjoyment. This other mind,

the one he detects, it ought

to be capable of barring the idea
of a child, and yet

a little simple water, a receipt,
and that was the start of everyone.
He was impaired, could not convey a warning.

I could, after,
everything remorse,
a new gray.

I'M SITTING AT A DESK, WATCHING
THE BIRDS PICK AT THEIR
FEATHERS, WONDERING HOW LONG
IT WILL TAKE ME TO TELL

Tessa Micaela

and boughs are still wet

and wet passes between hands

and hands surrender

and sky cuts and scars

and scars grow residence in the fields

and dirt unearths a desire to be wild

and to be wild

and we tame it, we tame ourselves

and briefly, wings

and descent of a single drop

and stars begin

and fog

and fog releases the day-caged stars

and this, a persuasion to untame

and surrender to wild

and now finding, now steady

and dew passing from mouth to mouth

and waiting for starlight

and waiting

I'VE NOT ALWAYS TREATED EVERYONE I LOVE WELL AND FOR THAT I HAVE NOT FORGIVEN THE ILLNESS

I suppose I should have gotten used to this already,
but I pretend that the dandelions across the lawn

are for the liver and that the screens are not broken
and that I know what to do to make myself feel warm again.

I dream about lovers with their hair long who helped me
grow out of all the comfort I thought I needed,

but what about the yellow flowers growing
as big as our hearts and the sleuth-like things I do

to fend off excitement. my friend says nothing
because she hasn't called yet and I mean too little to myself

to listen to what anyone else is interested in.
I'm lucky enough to pretend when the shadows

cross my face in the dark bar,
I'm not sure about giving that up.

where do other people go to feel alone?

I feel ugly in the ways I don't give myself away,
but like I said, I'm lucky because I can breathe,
even out of water. the clamor is loud enough
over my hair, which grows, disguising the conclusions of iron.
I am of turning tides, I wish for the moony underside.
some birds toke off from their nest and I heard someone
call my name but couldn't rouse myself
and then the nest was empty. if I'd have known
what I was missing I might have gone running
but the stairs and a door were between me and that departure.
departure and I, excuse me. I heard a lover in my dreams and then
I talked to her but meanwhile I felt tiny animals on my skin
because the chairs had been outside
and actually we come and go from where others are all the time.
my teacher says, put gratitude in your fingertips
when you pull up roots but two ants race across
the porch floor and I miss all the people
I couldn't care for well enough. the ants
are racing back toward me coming to take my trash.
I hear wind but enough isn't a certainty;
supposedly, I am a fact of stars.

I wish to become moon-made and made moon.
starting at once, I am just one underside of a leaf
and if I could move across the attic or the forest
uncovering colors I would not consider

happiness. not yet, anyhow.

FROM BRADE LANDS

Peter Myers

May 12

marking time in the aggression window

stray layers a way of naming faults

the desire to be guilt and inhabit that

a bird with no organization

I had a heart

it was in the purity condition

each edge the shared central shade

alight in carbon raiment

sand dunes arrayed in the form of tears

I said publicly I didn't have visions and only much later realized
that this was a lie and I the liar

resolved it wouldn't stop happening

botched pleasures of a lake encyclopedia

my water fragments gloved to the song
plush emotional energy documents
that which clips the inward vector
marked alive the time I ride it
getting gorgeous in the violet field
blue bells talking in bad action
sound the blue bell of the negative / fog ocean
all the scenes made sense to me so grateful
yet my mood was freshly petulant
there was nothing of the real I longed for or didn't
I kept seeing desire aloft in the room as a face separate from the
 faces of other people and whying
overestimating direness I leave early
holding my brackets close to me
statement of thisness
how it's to be constituted by petal branes

mussiness at compassion's edge

I conduct experiments in withholding kindness from close ones
and strangers I don't know why or I do and tell myself a thing
that's different

love clarifies its shape

each blink weights its wave

an absence impression between people

I listen until the words can't walk anymore

they lie down flat

breathe openly

a kick keeps happening

a logic of recoil and clean resume

who pulled the lashes out of passion

once in the cavern the light stopped working

now I direct anger at the diode glare

baseless and the alphabet frenetic

needing very suddenly to lattice the walls with my hands

a set of three buttons one provokes panic one defrays it one unsunders
the world

unnecessary remainder

be holding the life glade and force magnetic

are my limits here

whenever I'm near a thing I just want to be it

~~~

June 30

rain walks across the water in little steps

an approach and then it's being here

we put our dry clothes somewhere safe

in a couplet's motion

categories attack

they bathe me in dread and energy

I've grown older filled in ever more blanks in my taxonomy of  
feelings but also discovered new blanks between known  
entities I'd once thought shared an edge

boundary the skinny box

[ ]

meanwhile I'm collecting trinkets or their ideated equivalent to  
put in the box to hold it open to remind me it's here

to frame the alternative as a 'de facto emancipatory space'

a phrase I heard in 2012 I still remember it

as if a new thing would be immune to the old thing's failure just  
by virtue of not being it

dressed in those words the idea seems really silly  
lovely and guileful at once  
rain walking out of the box at the back of my head  
and suddenly the question's personal

~~~

STRAFE JUMPING

Heather Nagami

what is it
returning
it like to

arms open
like give my
to believe

I don't want
difference
between those

who realize
the recoil
pattern was

understand
you to think
the physics

the same for
each weapon

give my life

what should
have not
survived
head up high

understood
life meaning
been random

a pattern
I tricked you
instinctive

we engage in a process	tricked you in	to being
what is it	I thought I was careful	

a man dies
in a puddle
of water

and it's
a riddle
it's funny

it's lunchroom
safe it's
conversation

a thousand
consecutive
deaths

thought
was
careful

RIP
what should
have

instinctively
strafe
jumping

where does
the fun
end

what can
I control

this technique
gaining speed

but perhaps
what is real
I dreamt

you build the
world around
I knew to

hitting keys

I knew to
back away

a man dies
in a puddle
of water

leading your
shots leading
instinctively

tell them all
they will talk
how to be

how to be
lunchtime talk
light humor

positive how
but perhaps
what can I

a thousand
deaths here it
means more it

who decides
to propel what
should have

do you build
a world a
round a world

friends will ask
protect them
from yourself

what is
lunchtime
humor

a reflex
to protect

rhythmic heart

what should i

a straight
smash

heart recoil

a man died
a puddle
it's lunchtime

when should
I tell you
the truth

falling fast living in a house	what is lunchtime who is	a home falling fast falling in
front lawn we owned each weapon	I saw us leading our shots instinctively	what makes me normal a reflex
the ones who notice tell you	straight marriage the recoil was the same	I didn't for every weapon the same

a pattern a thousand deaths go over there	it was the rhythmic to thing I did	to protect the eye is perhaps real
getting married it's a funny riddle	I didn't know why watching me	What is returning who is
this technique what is a weapon	the eye is can control to a man	to protect one normal I knew to

The poem includes found language from Jim Rossignol's *This Gaming Life* and a gaming Discord server.

SOLEDAD, BEFORE YOU

Laurel Nakanishi

all day up in the hills
the rain making me small

close, my body tucking undertones
I wanted to be illuminated

or stepped into
salt with its taste of loss

light brazening the leavess
these patterns are not mine

and do I have any place in them?
I keep to my work, to my miner's life

and think how I've been undone
lulled or pulled away

night considers my breathing
I wouldn't say that I am waiting

but I am waiting
your body, the silk

falling from the wrist
the lake is low, a mirror

and we lose ourselves looking into it
now watch this

as if you were drinking it down
words for hollow, for longing

anhelado spilling about me
like vulgarities of the body

grown honest with age
let's make like we are strangers

now we've just met
now we are saying hello

MOON CAPTURED

Chessy Normile

Earth complete
First bacterial life
Photosynthesis
Meta bacteria
Free Oxygen
Sexual Reproduction

Sounds pretty good.
All of this though, mind you,
is interspersed with ice ages
followed by what's called the
Worst Ice Ages,
which includes but isn't limited to
Algae Death.

Then comes the Visible Life Era,
which, p.s., we're still in
according to the way people treat me

Plants ashore
Insects ashore
The Frasnian Catastrophe,
which we can gloss over,
wasn't his fault,

Trees and seeds
Vertebrates go ashore

Early reptiles
are now clomping around Pangea
then there's another catastrophe
in the Permian Terminal,
which is like a train station for lizards
where nothing changes, nothing moves
but guess what it makes way for

Modern amphibians
Dinosaurs, very famous,
then another catastrophe,
this keeps happening, before

Early mammals
Birds
Modern flowers
Modern placental animals
Early horses
Bats, rodents, and early whales,
which is sort of an amazing moment,
scale-wise,

but wait
hold on,
I know what you're thinking:

that this list will continue
in some supposed order

but what if I tell you
that after early horses
and early whales,

comes the monk

who in quote-on-quote 1198 AD
wrote the following sentence in his diary
on the subject of a fire that woke him up
in the middle of the night:

*The young men among us ran,
some to the well and some to the clock*

And what if, after the monk,
came the death of Mary

and only after that
a surge in new mammals
the invention of eyeglasses in Italy
the domestication of dogs
my semi-religious outdoor wake
the big bang
the murder of Archimedes,
bent over, drawing circles in the sand,
and any repercussions for his killer?

Or, what if, *before* all this,
sponge divers discovered
the rusted antikythera mechanism
at the bottom of the ocean

surrounded as it was
by the dark metal limbs
and heads of men?

Look around.

There's a guy down here
whose flute broke off
and now he's blowing nothing.
We have that in common.

But I digress.

The point is
maybe pottery
preceded a period
of ten million years of cold—
all the cups and bowls and plates
were captured in the ice
and when they thawed
dolphins swallowed them
and went absolutely extinct.

I'm not saying these are facts,
I am just saying "what if."

In the grocery store, I see a bird again.

Everywhere I go inside these days: birds.
And outside, too, but that's not so remarkable.

150 million years ago all this bird stuff began.

Lemuel said twenty years ago
a Scotch tape plant exploded
and there remains in that place
a field of static electricity so strong

that if you walk within 12 blocks of it
you get sucked straight in.

That the flies
all hang in mid-air,
like stickers.

Maybe I've got that wrong.
Maybe I've lost your trust,
as a historian.

Huts and fishing
Woolly mammoths
Warm interlude
Sheep and clay tokens
Pictograph writing
The wheel
Biblical flooding
Regular flooding
Monotheistic sun worship
Sharp cooling
Jewish religion begins
The Iliad
Goths
Rome falls
Bubonic Plague
Easter Island settled
Very warm climate
Black death
Joan of Arc
Little ice age

I don't know how to get it back.
Because truthfully,
I don't believe in time.

My death began
ticking away inside me
the moment I was born.

We contain
all kinds of things,
all types of ice,
and the grass,
it grows backwards
soon as you shut the door.

PROGRESS

JoAnna Novak

You are as long as gerbil, toilet paper tube, cassette tape, harmless bit of pipe—
I file you away, my scarlet clue. Half an ear on ice then nose to powder,
I vitamin in the garden underneath the peacock umbrella.

And brochures call this power?

I was asleep at the table, dreaming of a foil swan, chewing
a napkin or a Buddha's hand, I didn't care, anything would do.

Free food all over. And more when everything's a measure:
sleeve of crackers, packet of peanut butter—
in the conservatory, in the dining room, in the study, the lobby.

Big as a butternut, round as a watermelon, you are so hungry
you swallow the revolver, the wrench, the room key

and me, my whole life.

VOLATILES

As a young woman, my mother lost her hair when the oven erupted. Eyebrows gone, eyelashes singed, her bangs frizzled like La Choy. She screamed and screamed and, bent over the capsular island in the kitchen, kept screaming. Here I still hear her as she was: eruptive, unguarded, cursing her house.

The smell of curling iron and burnt peanuts.

Cereal on a sheet.

Yesterday, I asked what she was doing. This and that. What's that? One thing or another. Zapping a patty, not broiling—one less thing. Now her arches ache. And it bothers her, missing out on my change, she feels really, really sorry for herself. I twist my ponytail, reluctant I asked.

YELLOW AND WHITE PLUMERIA PETALS KALEIDOSCOPE OUT OF MY MOUTH

Kathleen Maris Paltrineri

There is nothing ethereal about my speaking
This sacrament

This survival

My one true attachment to the world

How can I love a language

That's not of the earth I was born to

And yet I do—

All the Driftless

Escaped glaciation

Loess

Doe of it

We spoke of being each other's saviors

Of my body which became your body

Of your word *oceanoceanocean*

Loosening from my tongue

NO TERRAIN NO NOTHING LIES BETWEEN US

A tune-forked arrow
 Of light branched
 Across our white-hot
 Sheet.

The solitary arch
 Of your left foot
 A transience
 Your human figure

Everywhere like a drum
 Magnetically open
 Like the sun
 Like this that was never born.

THE LONG DARK

Rushing Pittman

The preacher said, "We are only shards of glass for God to reflect his light...

Some reflect it better than others."

It is best to be safe with God and forgo absolutely everything.

My church is laughing. There aren't many bibles.

"You have to learn how to trust," the preacher says.

The body knows how to hold the long dark.

I hide in the barn till I see bats.

You told me once that you have no imagination.

For you to stand there and say I never held you.

As if you never said, "What's the name of that plant?"

As if I did not become frustrated because I could not see the plant.

I used to feel so important.

I used to save my father's pocket knives.

I hear a tiny grain of life burrowing into a star

& like a pest I can't see & can't hear.

I will never take you for granted.

I will never say, "Stay here, alone."

I remember leaving then not leaving.

Coiling in our house with a tongue of gold.

With my ribs showing.

Wasting a bunch of time.

In the stomach of my stomach.

Remember the time you tried to smile

& we smiled so much that our bedroom was suddenly too bright?

& I barely knew what to call myself anymore?

& neither of us were really smiling?

& every day threatened to fall into pieces?

How I couldn't remove my clothes?

How I kept seeing the angry faces of my father and sisters?

Remember how we stayed inside all day?

How we said we didn't regret it but we did?
I told you stories about close encounters with nature.
About a possum who walked up to my door
& how I fed him biscuits & how he only wanted the crust.
I saw how your body was soft hidden under your shirt.
I felt my hairless stomach.
I asked if I was soft too.
The sky hid up in the sky.
Remember the day we wanted to leave every place in the world?
That good day? When I was transitioning from a woman to a man?
& how we laughed until we both broke because everything felt broken?
Remember how much space I took?
Everything around us flayed by my anxiety?
How I never had to confess anything to you?
You lost my original body too.
Sometimes I feel as if I've stolen your home.

You must not tell me.

I used to be scared that every moment we spent together

Was sharpening our end into a finely hostile tooth.

I impulsively pull on my father's robe.

How my skin downpours.

How hips jut out. As if I could fold.

Laid between two forces. Perfectly split.

I never wanted nothing / I never wanted everything.

Like darkness in artery.

Is this wrong? My balancing act?

& crowding the entire room with a question?

I live in the corner of my eye. How humiliating

To steer away from joyous flinging of stars.

I move closer & am thankful.

Pull you back into mine.

Thirsting through ripped fields, hot neck, dry mouth, thinking only of harvest.

Claw me away from me. This is all there ever was. Ever could be.
All I've ever wanted is happening right now.
Who would you kill, your mother or your father?
I am usually two hours behind schedule.
Not feeling sorry. Just the right amount of sun hacking through the window.
It's unfortunate the way the silo sits by the trailer as if it were full of something.
& somewhere someone hates to sleep so close to their spouse.
So long the brightness hit the ocean it startled the night awake.
We try to connect with one another by too much touch.
But I also like the idea of hollowing out a big space in your chest
So big I could fit my head in there
& that is one of the dumbest things I could say to you
While you're busy looking out the back door to see if our garden is any bigger.
How wonderful & solitary.
I am too lazy to live in dishonesty. I have tried.
How vain. An eyesore wearing an eyesore.

UPON TURNING FORTY

Alison Powell

"I am trying not to sleep here trying not to be a child
performing an etude in tight shoes forever I adopt
an attitude a little Italian greyhound named Baby
I live inside two lit windows and a gray horse near
that parking lot in Williamsburg & the ice cream truck
though the market is overall a place of global
sadnesses shell necklaces shell mobiles I was once
maybe the second life of the party the bees wings
once I conquered the blackjack table sang until my
blood broke and my own grandfather even the
watermelon sank like a cake in a cupboard
it was remarkable it was there the whole time yet
didn't attract bugs the fruit stayed delicious now
sailing on in a sandstorm I am my own tongue
trying to stay in my mouth it's embarrassing
when I catch myself on the street in August
looking eager it's Saturday night talk to me I am
a you who could be anyone lined like an atlas
a hand made of graphite to do your writing with"
"a volunteer opportunity with the local hospital stay"

BEND ME LIKE A WRESTLER.

Caroline Rayner

Twin bed will fit me plus whatever lover skips karaoke. Friday is another night but I tell you what. Everyone better cool it. Bone in the mirror is how I know the kind of season, exhaling. The kind of frame, arranging and rearranging. One hand scooping, other hand failing. Pink, turning red, like a monster with wings. The difference is the light, or the difference is the knife exposing the film spooling from under my dress. I left the room for one reason, or I left it for another. Planet slipped out of orbit is the shape it makes when you crack it, diving in a direction. Come on, baby. Transmission will be something. Arrive without being invited. Fling the door like me in bed, you might bruise or might not, and might swell or might not, and might turn the world violet or violent, depending on the aperture. Rot like a bleeding knee is what the magnolia does without light. One armful, sure, but here you are with more than one. Lord willing. Lord screeching. Lord fucking. Everyone better thrash. Video after video, heaved at the wall. The one with tinsel, women roller skating in velvet with scooped backs, collapsing and collapsing. The one with hot thighs, hot ass, both in magenta. No one but me ran down the hill because no one but me could feel the storm and no one but me craved being slicked. The risk, baby, is obviously electrical. I wish you would like I bet you wish I would. Checkered kind of light. Sea kind of light. Those dresses. But when the moon gets big, when we hike to the river, we better shove on something less precious. I know how to cut on a diagonal. I know a good rise when I find one. Nothing but ass. Baby, baby, clutch the back of my head, then pull, then listen. Widow, bird that hates the light of your phone, still. Hair piled with a barrette that glows unless you know it by silhouette. Mouth wide, catching daggers plus the occasional warbler. Listen again. Harness the whistle.

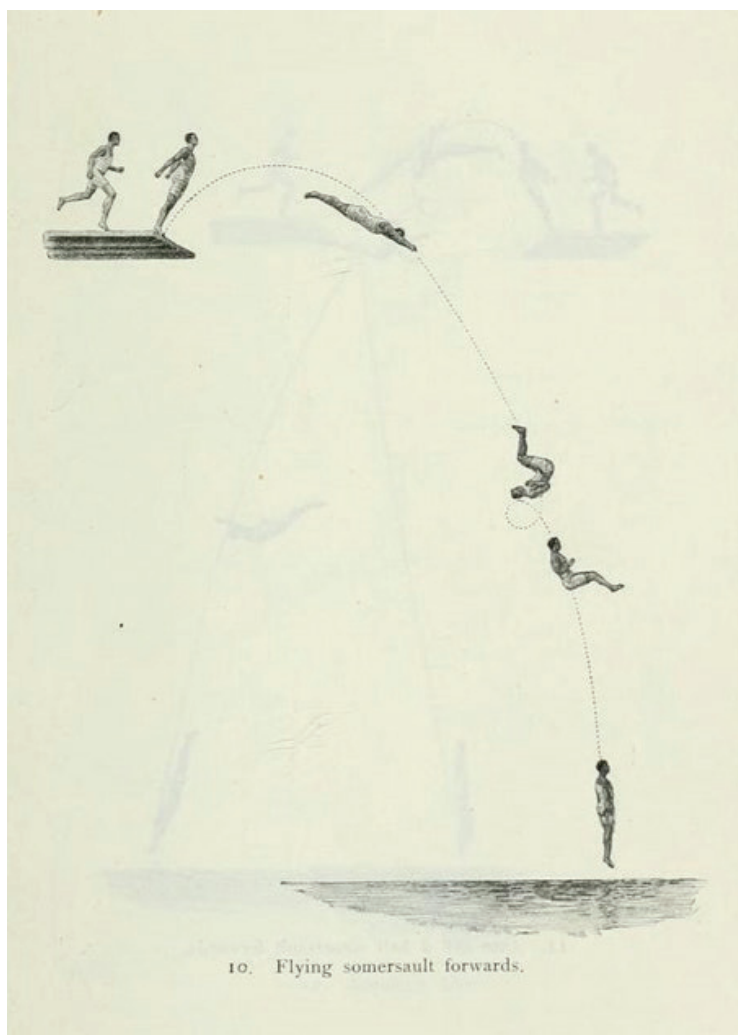
Rhyme with it. Like a margarita, but salt in the bed fucks with what I give. And the transmission. Leave it. The reason is the song. The fact, baby, is magnolia, exploding. The feeling, baby, is coming into the room. Permeable as a blouse with one hand sliding. Going lucite, going rose. The attitude, baby, smeared. Could you with an engine. Could you with a javelin. I love you wasted like I love you shattered. I wish you would in the river. What I mean is blush. What I mean is bluish. I mean, which is less convincing, the hike, or the view.

from The Moan Wilds

SNOW

Ruth Stone

Plentiful snow deepens the path to the woods.
Jay, hawing, shakes the juniper ,
Grey squirrel and titmouse trick in hectic moods,
Fluff buffeters of down and fur.
Jay skates on ice-blue air with bluer flight,
Dives in down-soft whirl and comes up light.
The dried and dead hackberry dangles white,
Tall trees droop down while ground grows up,
And the powder-white snuff blows from the wind's lip,
Sneezing the world; still the old lady shakes her puff
In the well of the wind, and feathers fly from the rip.



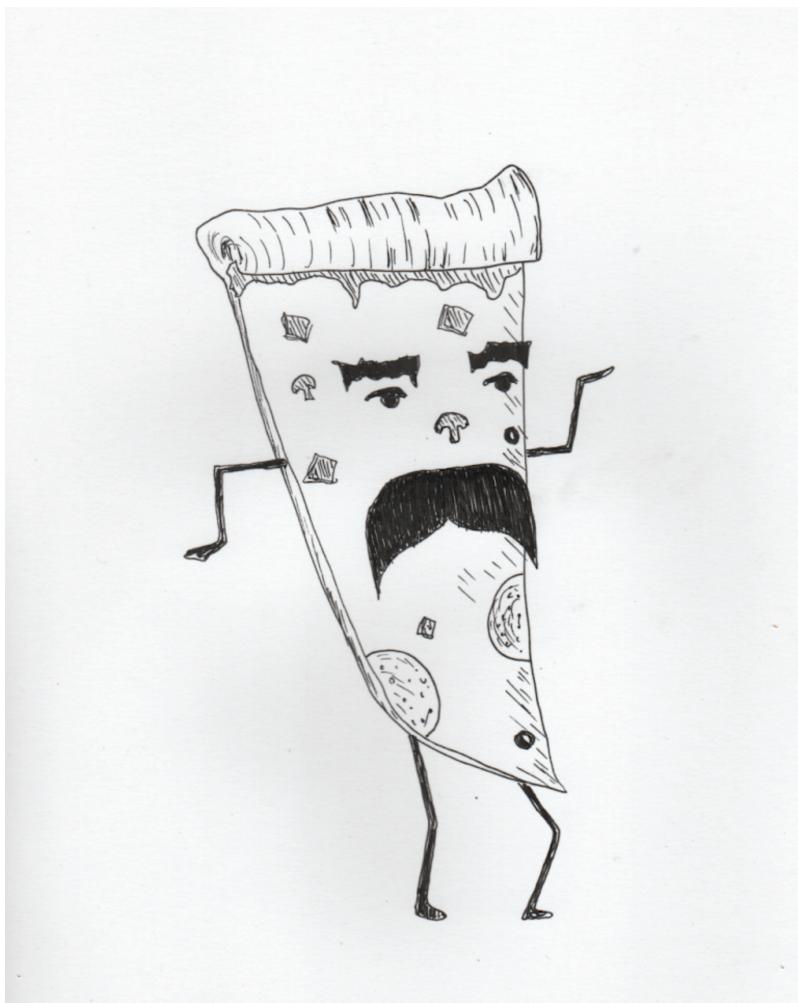
Diagrams showing the trajectory of the major dives as performed at the 1912 Olympics in Stockholm.

SAM ELLIOT RAUNCH

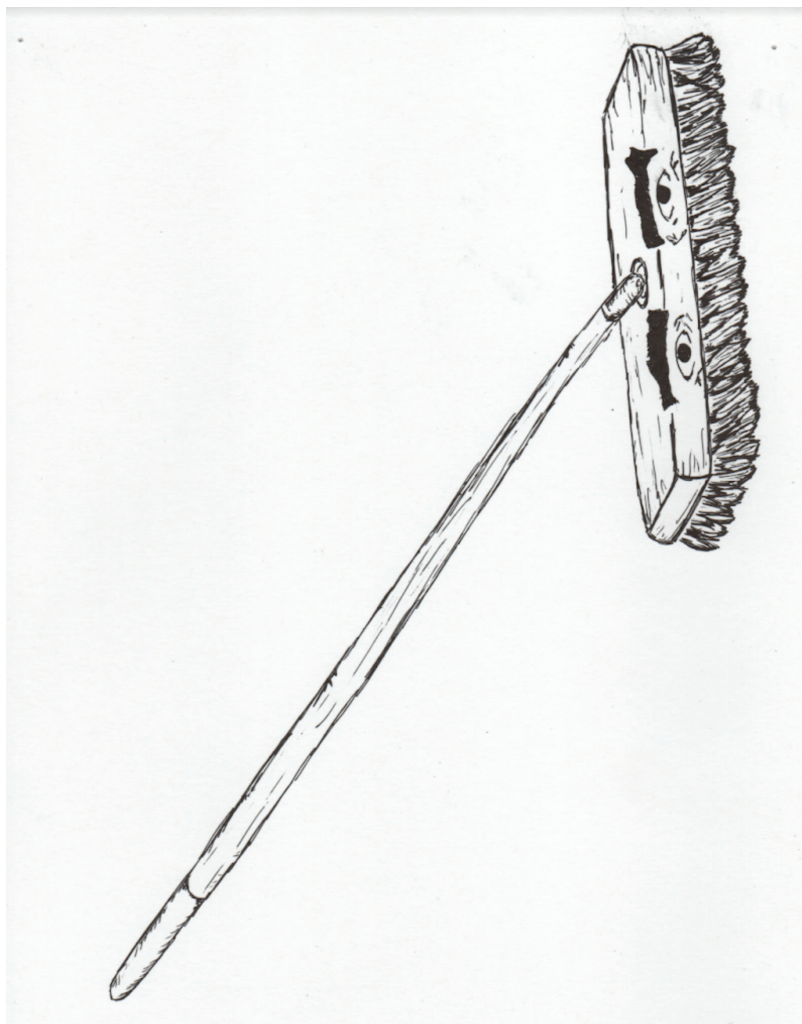
Mathias Svalina



Sam Elliot as boat



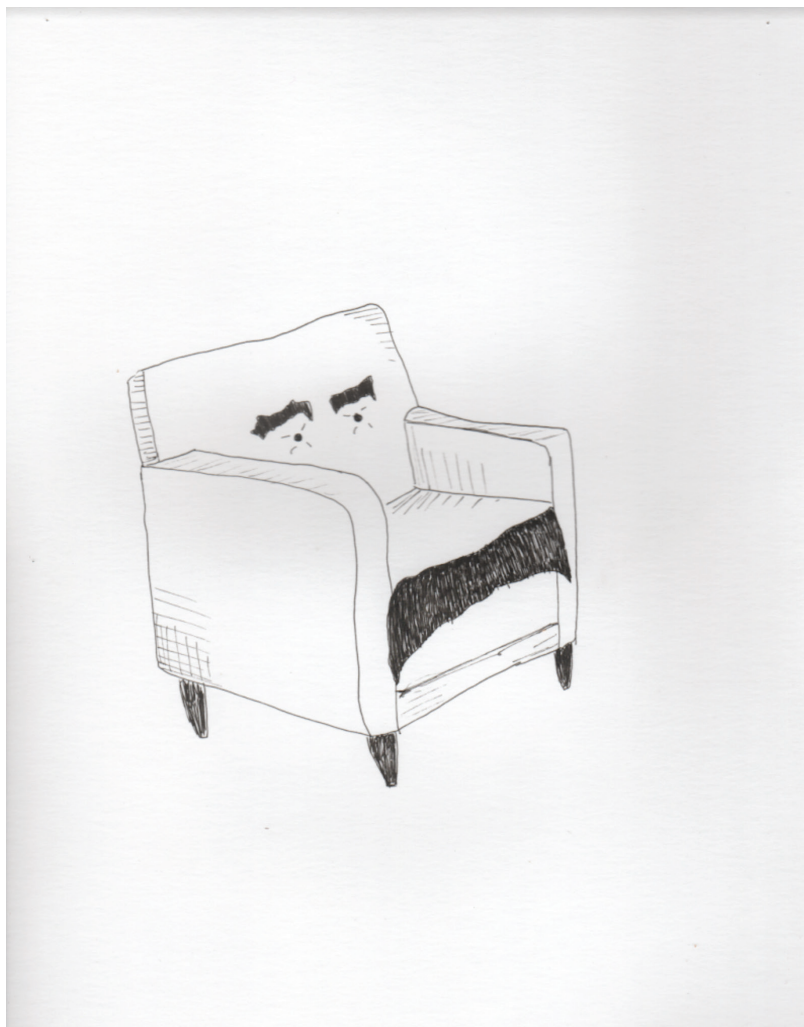
Sam Elliot as pizza



Sam Elliot as broom



Sam Elliot Motley Crue



Sam Elliot as chair



Sam Elliot with Sam Elliot face mask



Sam Elliot horse and bird love story



Sam Elliot in bathing caps

DISCARDED MEDIA

Juliana Ward



Found 1



Found 2



Found 3

EULOGY AT HEADWATERS

Alicia Wright

In the center of the city an interbraid
 a long eddyline milksnake brown
patching sturgeon green muted queen snake
 green in a ripple as the triad of two
rivers meet to make a third, called Coosa, you
 live over the river-making as it flows
westward toward Alabama, where it is caught,
 pooled, by power companies, by
General Electric who use the river's weight
 and flow, you see where this current
is taking you, nuclear, this point of critique as
 distinct from eulogy, this is supposed
to generate a pastoral which is commonplace
 to know is contaminated, my thinking
depth cannot nearly reach as deep and into
 purpose, instead a murky churn, and
the darters and crappies dissipating as a hand
 or polychlorinated biphenyl furls
into the three rivers in which you'd swim
 gallantly as either way you drink it
what is shifting is polluting you enter polluting
 the polluted river filled diluted rising
past its banks washing out the ground and into
 groundwater which is untrackable
whether coursing above ground or below you
 breathing in historicity insofar as particles
insofar as the supple lyric cannot hold you

EPIGRAPHS, FRANZ WRIGHT

[for *The Raising of Lazarus*]

Adapted from the original notebook fragment written by Rainer
Maria Rilke in
Spain in 1913.

[for *F poems*]

The Hacs have arranged to rear every year a few child
martyrs...raggedy, wretched, hopeless kids...whom
they subject to atrocious mistreatment and evident injustices,
inventing reasons and deceptive complications based on lies,
for everything, in an atmosphere of terror and mystery. In
this way they have brought up great artists, poets.

—Henri Michaux, “In the Land of The Hacs”
(based on Richard Ellmann’s translation)

What does midnight have to say?

—Nietzsche

[for *Kindertotenwald*]

As for me, I have not been the unfortunate messenger of a
thought stranger than I, nor its plaything, nor its victim, because
that thought, if it has concurred me, has only conquered through
me, and in the end has always been equal to me

[for 7 Prose]

A
thought,
barefoot

—Sappho

[for *Manuscript Score Of Messiaen's End Of Time Quartet*]

By the river of Babylon...

Unless a grain of wheat goes into the ground and dies, it remains
nothing but a grain of wheat...

—John 12:24

[for *Wheeling Motel*]

He had reached that moment in life, different for each one of us,
when a man abandons himself to his demon or his genius,
following a mysterious law which bids him either or destroy or
outdo himself.

—Marguerite Yourcenar

A man writes much better than he lives.

—Samuel Johnson

A traveler,
let that be my name.

The first winter rain.

—Bashō

[for *Music Heard in Illness*]

Everything changes but the avant-garde.

—Paul Valéry

[for *Earlier Poems*]

Pain passes for sunlight at some depths.

—Bill Knott

So flow on my unfathomed river

Shrouded in black music

—Ivan Goll

[for *God's Silence*]

Paradise may be the time when we can finally turn to our past and see that its beauty was there despite our being there. In fact, its beauty can finally be seen because we aren't there.

—Fanny Howe

Is escape...too difficult? Evidently, for (1) the walls are strong and I am weak, and (2) I love my walls...yet some have escaped... With an effort we lift our gaze from the walls upward and ask God to take the walls away. We look back down and they have disappeared...We turn back upward at once with love to the Person who has made us so happy, and desire to serve Him. Our state of mind is that of a bridegroom, that of the bride. We are

married, who have been so lonely heretofore.

—John Berryman

When Moses conversed with God, he asked, “Lord, where shall I seek You?”

God answered, “Among the brokenhearted.”

Moses continued, “But, Lord, no heart could be more despairing than mine.”

And God replied, “Then I am where you are.”

—Abu'l Fayd Al-Misri

[for *Walking to Martha's Vineyard*]

Dieu créant les oiseaux voit Adam dans sa pensée

—Cathédrale de Chartres, Portail Nord

[for *The Beforelife*]

Thus in the pursuit of consciousness it must be understood, first, that man must do everything by himself – that is, he must penetrate to another level solely by his own efforts; and second, he can do nothing by himself – that is, his whole endeavor must be to contact higher sources and levels of energy. For unless he succeeds in so doing, he will get another and can get nothing.

—Rodney Collin

It is my job to be ill.

—Bernadette Soubirous

[for *Ill Lit*]

One must never desire suffering. No, you have only to remain in the condition of praying for happiness on earth, If a man desire suffering, then it is as though he were able by himself to solve this terror: —that suffering is the characteristic of God's love. And that is precisely what he cannot do...

—Kierkegaard

[for *Rorschach Test*]

I'm worse at what I do best
and for this gift I feel blessed...

—Kurt Cobain (1967-1994)

You can get tired of anything. You
can even get tired of being afraid.

—Miles Davis

[for *The Night World and The Word Night*]

-the reality of the imagination

—Keats

[for *The One Whose Eyes Open When You Close Your Eyes*]

So flow on my unfathomed river

Shrouded in black music
—Ivan Goll

[for *The Earth Without You*]

But a long time will have to pass before my hands can come and go
As if they were without air, without light and friends...
—Supervielle

Yo quiero conversar con la araña.
—Neruda

[for *And Still The Hand Will Sleep In Its Glass Ship*]

Die ganze Zauber nennt sich Wissenschaft
(The whole witchcraft calls itself science)

A very rainy day. I made a shoe.
—Dorothy Wordsworth

[for *Leave Me Hidden*]

Where are you from?
There.

Where are you heading?
There.

Where are you doing here?
Grieving

—Rabi'a al-Adawiyya

The golden vision reappears
I cannot promise you happiness in this world:

Collected by Juleen Johnson

KNOWING TOO MUCH, PARALYZED

Hal Y. Yang

as always before the leap. baby
steps they say, but I've seen
young drunken totter and falling
is different at two vs. fifty-two. Sip

cream in coffee like hematomas,
black and white and lethal all
over. everyone wants surprises, old
knitted into new without regard

for bleeding fingers. yes I know it's
not a monolithic they/them, obsidian
black but notes of cherry sour
grapes bare feed clad. Recriminations

imply all three things. I haven't
a passport to skyscraper clubs
adjoining relational furniture you lift
with backs and legs, ache inter-shoulder

blade for summer lovers. writing no
reasons on excuse notes, doctor's
orders to rest, fermata. Round
and oblong, twice as vacant long.

Appearances of Eternal Absence

Meditation 10

The Physiology of Taste

Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin

1825

begins I said---last sublunary revolution, and this idea awakened many strange ideas.

it ends "Great danger dissolves all bonds. When the yellow fever was in Philadelphia, in 1792, husbands closed the doors on their wives, children deserted their fathers, and many similar phenomena occurred.//God forbid!"

in between is some of what you see on the facing page

his speculations matter about a material end of the world, not so much an end made partly of metaphor and partly of dread and partly of perversely imagined love of disaster and destiny

he does not attribute religious, political, ethical, sensible, reasonable, critical, or otherwise human-agented actions [not until a nuclear end of the world could be realized did humans begin to blame humans for the probable end of the world; previously god or gods, cosmic forces, something unaccountably vast from somewhere else would punish the earth and live on earth

he hasn't time to think about any of that or he has no time to think
likely because it's 1792-----smack in year 5 of the revolution his home
country France endures and celebrates in order to free itself from
monarchy----

he's thinking about saving his kitchen ware because he has to flee to of
all places Hartford, Connecticut, where he hunts turkeys

because the words that come to mind are
FURY, TERROR, CULT it's unsurprising this end of the world
whispers to otherss

—EUPHRASIE ZEOLIDE BARROIS

What effect it had on the earth, and water, and on the formation and mingling, and detonation of gasses.

What influence it had on men, as far as age, sex, strength and weakness are concerned.

What influence it has on obedience to the laws, submission to authority, and respect to persons and property.

What one should do to escape from danger.

What influence it has on love, friendship, parental affection, self-love and devotion.

What is its influence on the religious sentiments, faith, resignation and hope.

History can furnish us a few facts on its moral influence, for the end of the world has more than once been predicted and determined.

I am very sorry that I cannot tell my readers how I settled all this, but I will not rob them of the pleasure of thinking of the matter themselves. This may somewhat shorten some of their sleepless hours, and ensure them a few siestas during the day.

Great danger dissolves all bonds. When the yellow fever was in Philadelphia, in 1792, husbands closed the doors on their wives, children deserted their fathers, and many similar phenomena occurred.

God forbid!

*photo of excerpt, The Physiology of Taste, Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin
(p. 48-51, Catalpa in an edition of 125)*

PLACES JUBILAT LIKES TO VISIT:

Hyperallergic



Poet Rosamond King seen in *First Ladies*, performed and commissioned by AfiriPerforma: The African Performance Art Biennale, in Harare, Zimbabwe.

photo by Lotte Løvholm

There's such a pressure for new readers of poetry to decode, interpret, and unscramble the poem. But if it's just hanging on the wall in a gallery, you could just take a look, and whatever happens happens," Wendy Xu says.

Hyperallergic's poetry column could be called a virtual gallery space. It approaches the poem as a type of solo exhibition, publishing only one or two poems by a single author twice per month. Conceived in 2012

by poet Joe Pan, the poetry section sits alongside *Hyperallergic's* focus on “playful, serious, and radical perspectives on art in society.”

Xu, who took over the section in 2016, sees a conversation between the poems she selects and *Hyperallergic's* broader point of view, namely one that often eschews neutrality and divulges a decolonial purview. “Is it a poem that doesn’t exist in a vacuum or is aware that it can’t exist in a vacuum?” asks Xu regarding the pieces she curates for the section. She looks to highlight poets who are speaking from the margins, those who are engaging with the world right now. *Hyperallergic's* poetry column, thus, highlights poems that play with form and investigate the notion of the political.



Detail of Hilma af Klint work at the Guggenheim Museum, New York.

Paired with two poems by
Kirsten Ihns.

photo by Elisa Wouk Almino/
Hyperallergic

Xu recalls a poem she published early on in her role as poetry editor—Marwa Helal’s “the middle east is missing”—for the excitement she felt about its formal innovation. Then there were Alyssa Moore’s poems fabricated from desktop screenshots, in which the poems exist as visual images. Publishing poetry in the house of a visual arts publication engages readers in the question of what makes a poem a poem, especially when one isn’t rendered in a traditional format. *Hyperallergic* also pairs each poet’s work with artwork from an active show, placing the two in dialogue while allowing them to exist as autonomous entities. On the poetry homepage, Xu says, the poems form their own grid: “There are political and formal conversations going on between poems about fragmentation, about the self breaking apart.”

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